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THE HAUNTED MILL.

CHARACTERS.

ARTHUR CARELESS. (*a Jacobite officer*) Mr. E. Galer.
NELLY WILTON . (*a village girl*) . Miss F. Reeves.

COSTUMES, about 1710.

CARELESS.—Red full skirted coat of the time, buff breeches, boots, round black hat with feathers, sword and cloak.

NELLY.—1st: Neat country girl's dress. 2nd: Long white smock frock, white trowsers, old hat with flower on it.

Songs Separately.

<i>The times we have met at the Mill</i>	2s. 6d.
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THE

HAUNTED MILL.

SCENE.—*Interior of an unused Mill, door at back—casement, R.—staircase leading to an upper floor, L.*

NELLY discovered at casement.

NELLY. Now, Mr. Sampson, Mr. Sampson, how much longer are you going to keep me waiting? You know I cannot endure waiting, more especially in this deserted, ghostly old mill; but it's such a famous place for meeting, for as all the stupid folks round about believe it to be haunted by the ghost of a dead miller, who hanged himself here, not one of them dare venture near the place, so we can meet and chat quite cosily without fear of interruption; but, in case of accidents, I made Sampson get a charming miller's suit, which he could slip on, (whilst I managed to slip off) and give them a good fright for their pains. I keep it snugly hidden up stairs, so it's always ready. Now Sampson, Sampson, are you coming? You'd better make haste, or it will be very much the worse for you, for to tell the truth, I don't care too much about being left alone in this old mill after all. Not that I'm frightened at the ghost of a dead miller if he should make his appearance! I should not be frightened at fifty live millers, so I'm quite sure I shouldn't at one dead one. I wish he would come, though.

SONG.—NELLY—"We have met in the Mill."

We have met in the night, by the fair moonlight,
And stars shining brightly above,—
With never a sound in the calm air around,
Save the nightingale telling her love.

We've met in the valley, we've met in the wood,
 We have met on the height of the hill:
 But still I recall—as the dearest of all—
 The times we have met at the mill.

But whether by sunlight, or moonlight, or none,
 As I have a will of my own,
 If he should be missed at the time of the tryst,
 My lover may keep it alone;
 So the very next time the hour shall chime,
 Let him pray and intreat as he will,
 If he be not there, I vow and declare,
 I'll meet him no more at the mill.

(NELLY *again looks out of casement.*

Well, I call this positively too bad! Stay! here he comes, he'll catch it. Ah! no! mercy on us, it is not Sampson. A stranger! and an officer—he is coming this way too—straight across the plank into the mill. Oh, my gracious, here's a position, where can I hide myself? Ah, up here! (*runs up stairs but remains in sight of audience.*)

Enter CAPTAIN CARELESS, *he looks about, door at back.*

CAPT. No one here! strange! I could have sworn I heard a voice, but it certainly wasn't the weatherbeaten bass of the old skipper, and no one else could be here; so I suppose I was mistaken, unless the old mill be really haunted as I heard it was so often when I was a happy lad at the old Manor House, before I had mixed myself up with the squabbles of the world, and run my neck into danger for an exiled king, who may never be a whit the better for it, still, for all that, "God save King James!" It cannot be far from the hour that old Marlock was to be here; he was to have run the Sea Hawk into the bay this afternoon, and I fixed our meeting at this deserted mill, to receive the dangerous papers he carries, well knowing no one was likely to interrupt us. Well, I must wait. (*sighs.*)

NELLY. (*aside.*) Bless me, there was a sigh; but he's not going to wait here, I can tell him that.

CAPT. I wonder what my faithless Flora is doing? Jilt! Coquette! But I have done with her.

Symphony of Song.

NELLY. Going to sing—if Sampson should come there'd be a singing to a pretty tune!

SONG.—CAPTAIN—“*Flora's False.*”

Flora has a faultless face,
Violet eyes, and tresses bright!
She has every girlish grace
Heart of lover to delight.
But in spite of laughing eyes,
Rosy lips and sunny hair,
Shun her, lovers, if you're wise,
For she's false as she is fair.

Flora soon would win your heart,
Let you press her dimpled cheek:
Be a little while apart,—
She'd forget you in a week.
Heart of truth is far above
Face or form, however rare;
So, farewell to Flora's love,
For she's false as she is fair.

NELLY. Poor young man, so good looking, and crossed in love, too! How shocking! Oh, I must go down to him directly. (*she descends*) Ah!

CAPT. (*half draws his sword*) Ah!

NELLY. You can put back your sword, young man, you see, I am unarmed; you needn't be frightened.

CAPT. Frightened! At a woman too!

NELLY. Oh! I've known many as tall a fellow as you frightened at a woman, and with good cause too. (*aside*) Who can he be? And what can he want here?

CAPT. You seem a smart girl, upon my word.

NELLY. Yes, as girls go, I think I am.

CAPT. (*aside*) What the dence can she do here? and who is she? One of the gipsies whose tents I passed,

perhaps! She doesn't look much like a gipsy, either.
(*aloud*) May I ask who you are, my pretty maiden?

NELLY. When I think you've any right to ask, I shall think about answering you, my pretty master.

CAPT. I'm much inclined to think you're a gipsy, but I admit you're a very pretty one.

NELLY. Thank you; would you like a taste of my calling?

DUET.—“*Gentle Stranger.*”

NELLY. Gentle stranger, prithee say—
Shall I tell your fortune, pray?
If your hand you'll let me view,
I will tell you all things true—
Sure as I'm a gipsy.

ARTHUR. Pretty maiden, vain your spell,
Fortune—I have none to tell;
My *mis*-fortune, if you've skill,
You may tell me if you will—
Pretty little gipsy.

NELLY. If I read the lines aright,
Here is love and fortune's spite:
Line of life by woman cross'd,
Stranger, you have loved and lost—
Sure as I'm a gipsy.

ARTHUR. You have read the lines aright,
Here is woman's wicked spite;
Truly do I—to my cost—
Know that I have loved and lost—
Clever little gipsy.

CAPT. (*aside*) Well, at all events, I must get rid of her; Marlock mustn't find her here.

NELLY. (*aside*) I must dispose of this young fellow some how! If Sampson caught him here with me, my stars!

CAPT. I say, my charming gipsy, won't your tribe?—

NELLY. Gipsy ! If I'm a gipsy, you're a Jew ; I am the daughter of Farmer Milton, of the Dale ——

CAPT. Then don't you think Farmer Milton, of the Dale, will be anxious for your return home ?

NELLY. Perhaps so ; but he's a patient man, and can wait ; but most likely there's some one anxious for *your* return home.

CAPT. (*sadly*) Alas ! not a human being ! I am alone.

NELLY. (*aside*) Poor young man. I'm really quite sorry for him, but he must not stay here ; Sampson must find me alone too.

CAPT. Ahem ! are you not rather alarmed at being in this ruin of a mill, with its evil name ?

NELLY. Oh, dear no, not a bit : are you ?

CAPT. I ! ha, ha, ha ! Not I.

NELLY. But I assure you, it has a terrible reputation, the most horrible sounds are heard ; the most terrible things seen.

CAPT. Very possible. I rather like that sort of thing. (*aside*) What on earth am I to do with this girl ? Upon my word, miss, I should strongly advise you to go home.

NELLY. Thank you, I dare say they will manage to get on tolerably well without me. But may I ask if you are going to make any long stay here ?

CAPT. Not at all unlikely—I've taken rather a fancy to the place.

NELLY. I must say you have a funny taste.

CAPT. Yes, I have many ; among others I have sometimes a funny taste for being alone.

NELLY. And in addition, a taste for persisting in remaining where you are not wanted.

CAPT. My company is in such general request, that I never can remain where I am not wanted.

NELLY. Oh, I see you have a taste for modesty too, into the bargain. Once for all, are you going ?

CAPT. No, my dear, I am not ! Are you ?

NELLY. Certainly not—I was here first.

CAPT. A very good reason why you should not remain here last. But I want to ask you one question—do you

think it will be proper for us to remain here together all night?

NELLY. Certainly not, so the sooner you take yourself off the better.

CAPT. But suppose I have made up my mind to stay?

NELLY. And suppose I have made up my mind you shall go?

CAPT. In that case the best of two minds must carry it. I know you are fond of the fair, see, here are a couple of guineas. I dare say there is a fair somewhere about here—just go and——

NELLY. What! would you try to corrupt me?

CAPT. Oh no, I'm not in the habit of corrupting young women. You won't have 'em.

NELLY. Hang your guineas—no!

CAPT. Then let us put it to the old issue, pile or cross—*(covers money)* now you choose, cross or pile.

NELLY. Neither one nor the other—I know you'll cheat.

CAPT. Deuce take the girl—I've no patience.

NELLY. Deuce take the man; if you come to that, you'll have to show a good deal more patience if you think to tire me out—so there. *(sits on stool, R.)*

CAPT. Oh, very well, just as you please—there!

(He whistles as NELLY hums a tune.)

NELLY. I wish with all my heart I were a man for five minutes.

CAPT. Indeed! why so?

NELLY. Because if I were, my fine fellow, you'd very soon find yourself flying out of that window.

CAPT. That might be a question.

NELLY. No question at all if I once got hold of you.

CAPT. Really!

NELLY. Yes it would. Do you see these ten nails—I need not say what would happen. I should like to scratch you as it is.

CAPT. You are quite a dangerous young woman.

NELLY. I'm beginning to feel dangerous, I can tell you. I go a little mad sometimes, and I'm inclined to think a fit's coming on now.

CAPT. Hang'd if I don't try and get her away by making love to her—it's rather an unlikely way of getting rid of a woman I admit. Well, as it seems settled, we are to remain here together all night, don't you think we had better try and make ourselves agreeable?

NELLY. But we are not going to stay here together, and I can't make myself agreeable. (*aside*) What can I do with this creature?

CAPT. Well, I'll try and make myself agreeable enough for two.

NELLY. Yes, and a pretty failure you'll make of it—now, as I said before, I was here first, and I insist upon your going away.

CAPT. Well, really I was thinking of it, but on looking at you a little closer, I find you are remarkably pretty.

NELLY. You must have good eyes, certainly, not to have seen that before!

CAPT. And therefore, to begin my agreeable behaviour, and to atone for past insensibility, let me offer you a kiss.

NELLY. What! Well, that's being agreeable, with a vengeance. Keep away, do. (*aside*) I shall have to go after all, or be kissed; and I won't go.

CAPT. Now what can be more natural than to offer a kiss to the girl one loves?

NELLY. Nothing at all, of course—it's quite the proper thing to do; but you don't love me, therefore, 'tis not at all natural, and highly improper.

CAPT. Let me swear by——

NELLY. No, don't swear—you don't mean it, and I don't like it. Let me tell you how I answered a lover who swore, to,—and who—but never mind, listen.

CAPT. With all my heart. (*aside*) It's no use, nothing will get rid of her.

SONG.—NELLY—“*I'd once a London Lover.*”

I'd once a London lover
With charming eyes and hair;

I met him in the meadow,
When coming from the fair.
We used to meet in secret,
I know 'twas very wrong,
But he vowed he loved me dearly,
And he vowed he'd love me long.

One night my lover kissed me,
Just as we said "farewell;"
I scolded, and he whispered—
Mind, never kiss and tell.
"Oh, ho," thought I, "young fellow,
You're meaning something wrong;"
But I loved him very little,
And I didn't love him long.

When next we met I asked him
About a wedding-ring;
"Why, you gipsy, are you tipsy,
To talk of such a thing!"
May be so, London lover,
To wed you would be wrong,
For I love you very little,
And I could not love you long.

CAPT. That was very correct, but as I have never met you in the meadow, or in the moonlight, you can't expect me to marry you!

NELLY. Certainly not; and as I have never met you at all till now, you can't expect me to kiss you.

CAPT. Oh, I must bring this to an end. Now look you, my pretty maiden, we are here alone in this old mill. I am stronger than you are, and if you will stay, I will have a kiss. (*trying*)

NELLY. Now mind what you are about—if you kiss, I'll scream; but that'll be no use when it's done, so if you really mean it, I'll scream at once.

CAPT. If any one hears you, they'll only think it one of the ghosts, so—— (*repeats attempt*)

NELLY. You just touch me, and hear what a noise I'll

make. (*aside*) Oh, shan't Sampson catch it. Ah, an idea, I'll get rid of him; how stupid not to think of it before.

CAPT. Now then, make up your mind.

NELLY. My mind's made up, I'll go; but you have behaved in a most odious manner; I'll go——

CAPT. Well, you'll say "good bye."

NELLY. No, I won't say "good bye," either; I'll go and leave you to your crazy old mill, and I wish you much joy of it. (*Exit NELLY by door.*)

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha! gone at last. She shouldn't have parted company so easily though, if I had not weightier matters on hand, for this is a charming girl—old Milton's daughter, too—strange. (*goes to casement*) What the plague can detain Marlock all this time. (*as he looks from casement, NELLY re-enters and slips up staircase*) No, I can make out nothing—Marlock cannot have arrived, or he would have been here; besides, if he were watched, and thought it dangerous to approach, he arranged to burn a red light at his mast-head, and if his errand failed altogether, he was to fire one gun, and set sail again. Well, I must wait a little longer, I suppose, but it's infernally dull. I wish that girl hadn't gone away at all now—but I must amuse myself—and I have no means at command but a song, and I can only remember one.

SONG.—CAPTAIN—" *Mary wreathed her shining hair.*"

Mary wreathed her shining hair

With a braid of summer flowers,

Emblems of the grace and pride

Of her young life's sunny hours.

Vows of fondest, purest love

Mingled with their sweet perfume;

All earth's dearest hopes were hers,

When those flowers were in bloom.

Ere that summer moon had waned,

Love and hope alike had flown;

The lips that breathed those vows were cold,

Mary was on earth alone.

Now her cheek is wan and pale,
 All her maiden lustre fled;
 Mary's heart is broken now,
 And those summer flowers are dead.

(retires to casement.)

No, nothing to be seen yet; confound it, this is getting remarkably embarrassing—if I go I may miss this fellow, and if I stay, I may possibly have to make my bed with the owl in this detestable, ricketty old mill—and it's not at all unlikely but its former proprietor may take it into his head to pay me a visit—that would certainly not be the most agreeable way of passing the night one could hit upon. *(crash above)* Holloa, have I woke him up? What the deuce was that noise? it sounded as if it was in the floor above. Eh? what on earth? *(groan heard)* Heaven shield me, I ha—— *(draws his sword as NELLY appears at head of stairs dressed as the miller)* Am I the fool of my own eyesight, or is that horrid thing a reality? speak if you can, speak or——

NELLY. *(in solemn voice)* Begone, rash man, if you would not have your eyes and brains scorched with horror; quit this unhallowed roof while you may—if once I place my hand upon you 'twill be too late. *(aside)* I am frightening myself now.

CAPT. It advances—I was never yet afraid of living man—but there's no credit to be got from an encounter with a ghost.

NELLY. Once more I warn you—fool, begone! *(aside)* Good gracious, what was that behind me. Psha, it must have been a rat. *(she slowly descends, CAPTAIN retreats before her.)*

CAPT. Nobody sees me run away, but the ghost, and he's not likely to publish it: besides, these are his own premises, and I have no right—your humble servant.

(Exit rapidly.)

NELLY. *(laughing)* Ha, ha, ha! The ghost wins—I had no idea I should make such a capital one. *(sings)* “So farewell, London lover.”

Re-enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. What do I hear? So ho, my jolly miller.

NELLY. Mercy! The horrid creature's back again.

CAPT. Your ghostship seems inclined to be merry.

NELLY. You frightened me out of my wits.

CAPT. I did to you then what you tried to do to me.

NELLY. Tried! Oh come, I like that; why you ran as if you were pursued by the very dev——. Ahem.

CAPT. And now you see an angel has brought me back much faster.

NELLY. Oh! I didn't want you back.

CAPT. Upon my word, you look very charming in that dress. I did not know that ghosts dressed with so much taste.

NELLY. Oh, go away, do! I wish the dead miller would come in earnest. (*report of cannon*) Oh, dear he's coming.

CAPT. A gun from the Sea Hawk! then [the attempt has failed, and we must 'bide our time for another.

NELLY. Where is he? Don't let him come near me. (*she screams.*)

CAPT. Don't be alarmed, it's only me.

NELLY. No, I'm quite sure it's the dead miller.

CAPT. Is this like a dead man's kiss? (*kisses her*)

NELLY. No, that seemed just like a real kiss of this world.

CAPT. Only seemed? try another, and make sure.

NELLY. You're very good, not just at present; but what was that dreadful noise? I thought the mill was coming down.

CAPT. Only a signal from a friend of mine in the bay.

NELLY. Who is coming to meet you here?

CAPT. Who *was* to have come—I am disappointed—he will not come. Now I have answered your question, answer mine. How did you manage to get that pretty dress, and transform yourself into the smart young miller, whom I was fool enough—and I remember you told me so—to mistake for a dead one?

NELLY. It is the dress of a friend of mine in the village.

CAPT. Who is coming to meet you here?

NELLY. Who *was* to have come. I am disappointed, he will not come.

CAPT. And do you think that a fellow, who could keep such a pretty girl as yourself waiting, is worth waiting for at all?

NELLY. I'll never speak to him again as long as my name is Nelly Wilton.

CAPT. And what is his name, my charming Nelly?

NELLY. Oh, his stupid, ugly name is Sampson Strong.

CAPT. Ah, then I am afraid you will never speak to him again, for only this morning I gave him a letter to the sea captain, whose gun so alarmed you just now, and depend upon it your recreant lover is fairly afloat on board the good ship, Sea Hawk.

NELLY. What! gone away without——. No, I won't cry, he's a good-for-nothing fellow, and very ugly, and I never cared much for him. I'm very glad he's gone, and I hope he'll be drowned; but how came you to know him?

CAPT. Oh, I know most people hereabouts—I knew your name as soon as you mentioned it; your father is a tenant of mine.

NELLY. What! why then you must be ——

CAPT. Arthur Careless, of the Manor House.

NELLY. Eh! Oh my gracious, and I have ——

CAPT. Never fear, Nelly—I am at ill accord with my father just now—needless to say why, but you are pretty I see; witty, I know; good, I believe; so if you will take in exchange for Sampson, a young soldier with little inheritance but his sword, till better things come round, why say so frankly, and be mine.

NELLY. Oh, Mr. Careless, I ——

CAPT. Never hesitate, Nelly. Careless I am by name as by nature; but I am honest and straightforward; be you the same—if you think you can't love me, say "no;" if you think you can, say "yes."

NELLY. Well, I can try, you know; and I'm pretty sure I shall succeed.

CAPT. Answer enough. I can never be sufficiently thankful to the Sea Hawk's salute.

NELLY. (*aside*) What a lucky thing it was that Sampson didn't come after all.

CAPT. And now, Nelly, my darling wife, let us away, I am not so forlorn of friends, but I know a priest who will soon make us one; then to follow Fortune wherever she leads.

NELLY. But can I go in this dress?

CAPT. 'Gad! I forgot all about the dress; but you look so charming in it that I don't care if you do.

NELLY. No, no; I mustn't play at ghost outside, whatever I do in, so you just be pleased to step outside and amuse yourself, while I run up and change it.

CAPT. Very good, you must have it your own way, I suppose; but never, never, can I forget my pretty miller.

NELLY. And I am very sure I shall never, never forget the
HAUNTED MILL.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN. Pretty miller, 'ere you go,
One more kiss you'll sure bestow—
On your faithful lover.

NELLY. Really, sir, I hardly know,
Whether it be right or no;
But—oh my—it's over.

CAPTAIN. What's the honey which the bee
From the sweetest flower sips,
To the honey of the flower
On my pretty miller's lips?

NELLY. Do not you, tho', like the bee,
Idle lover of an hour,
When the honey you have sipped,
Fly off to another flower.

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